

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



MISS CHUFFER SURPRISED BY MR. FERRIBY.

THE CLACKITTS OF INGLEBROOK HALL.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—MARGERY.

It was late when they arrived in Inglebrook; and Mr. Middleton did not like to intrude on Miss Chuffer that night; so he thought it better to take Jane to the Manor House, and commit her to the tender mercies of David Brownlow's daughter, though he feared she would not be very warmly welcomed. Margery Brownlow was one of those correct people who, having never broken any of the

respectable rules by society established, consider themselves entitled to deal most severely by all who have, and take advantage of their own elevated position to fling dirt at the fallen.

"Margery," said Mr. Middleton, as he conducted the trembling Jane into his study, "I have brought this young woman to you to be provided with a night's lodging; it is too late for her to go elsewhere."

Margery dropped a curtsy. She had not seen Jane's face, as the poor girl turned her head away

through fear of Mistress Brownlow's virtuous indignation.

"You don't know who it is?" said Mr. Middleton, in a semi-nervous tone, as he thought of Jane's probable reception.

Margery lifted her candle, and, "turning the corner" of the visitor's bonnet, fairly screamed—

"Jane from Clackitts!"—adding with bitterness—"as runned away."

"Yes, Margery, it is,—and I trust you will do all you can to console and comfort her under her sorrow; fulfilling the divine command, 'Bear ye one another's burthen.'"

Jane sobbed aloud.

But the very serious tone in which her master spoke, and the evident affliction of the offender, made no impression on the rigid Mistress Brownlow, who stood irresolute, for the first time, as to whether she should rebel or obey. With the tartest tone of her never very soft voice, she said, "Where is she to sleep?"

"Put her where she will be comfortable, and mind she has all she wants. She is in great need of refreshment and rest."

Margery could scarcely wait out this speech; with a look of mingled scorn and wrath, she left the room. Jane stood transfixed, without daring to follow her.

"Go," said Mr. Middleton, gently; "Margery is very sincere, and cannot disguise her feelings; but you need not fear that she will be unkind to you. Send her back to me by herself."

With spirits fairly broken down, she went into the kitchen, and found Margery discoursing to herself in no complimentary terms as to "the way as master always had of making much of wicked people." She did not condescend to notice the new comer, and almost held up her clothes as she passed, as if afraid to touch her.

Mr. Middleton was tired; and at all times hated strife. Margery's temper was one of his few troubles. He was afraid of her, though he did not know it; while nothing but anxiety to secure Jane a comfortable bed would have induced him to hold a conference with her that night, and to discharge his duty by administering a wholesome reproof. He almost repented as she stood before him bristling with indignation.

"Margery, I am afraid you are not inclined to give poor Jane a kind welcome."

"I'm sure as she's not *poor* Jane, sir, to see her dress. I thought as you'd brought home a lady."

"Jane is a foolish young woman, and is fond of dress. A little good advice from you, Margery, may help to make her wiser."

"Oh, dear, she isn't a going to learn of me—a plain body, who never set up for being anything but a honest, respectable woman, and that's very little set by now-a-days. Them as plays all sorts of tricks, and runs away, and goes nobody knows where, and does nobody knows what—them is the people as is looked up to. I'm sure, if I'd a behaved as that girl has, I'd never a showed my face in *this* house, that I wouldn't."

"Not if I had brought you into it?"

"I don't believe as —" Margery stopped.

"You don't believe, you were going to say, that I would have brought you. Well, perhaps not. I should not have brought Jane back, if I had not seen her penitence. It would give me sincere

pleasure, Margery, if I could behold in you the same tenderness of spirit that I have seen in that poor girl to-day."

Margery was like one electrified.

"Please, sir, what have I ever done to repent of, sir? I'm sure, sir, there's nobody as can lay a finger on my character, that I know; I'd be glad to know who'd—"

"Stop, stop. Do you remember the way in which you looked at Jane, when you found out who she was?"

"Well, sir, I couldn't help feeling it, when a girl, who has lost her character, was brought in like as if she'd never done a sin in her life, and me told to wait of her, and make her comfortable, when, I'm sure—"

"Oh, Margery, are there no sins but such as Jane has committed? Is not the indulgence of an angry temper as much a sin in the sight of God as the fostering a spirit of vanity? I tell you honestly that, however Jane's errors have interfered with her own happiness, yours may be quite as much destructive of the happiness of others. Your father and your fellow-servants would suffer less from your gay dress than they do from your angry looks and tongue; meanwhile there is this difference between her and you; she sees her folly and mourns over it,—you will not see your fault, and therefore cannot lament it."

"Well, then, if a girl goes and runs away, and steals all manner of things, and dresses herself out like her missis, it's only folly; but if I just says my mind when the work isn't properly done, and keeps humble, and wants nothing but my own, and—"

"Enough, Margery. You are ignorant of Jane's true story, and of your own true state. To-morrow I will talk to you; and, if I can, show you what it is 'to keep humble.' If you refuse to obey my wishes now, and will not treat Jane with kindness, it will be the last time I shall require your services."

There was no reply to this, nor to the tone and look that accompanied it; but who can imagine the hurricane in Margery's heart, to find all her virtues counted for nothing in comparison with a few tears from "a girl as was never no better than she should be;" and who can understand the sorrow that Mr. Middleton felt when he reflected how little impression his teaching, both in church and out of it, had made on the heart of his own servant?

CHAPTER XXIX.—POOR MISS CHUFFER.

"My dear aunt," said Miss Chuffer to Mrs. Thatcher, who was clothed in new weeds, and was weeping very vehemently, "my dear aunt, I can only say that I am quite resigned to my part of the loss, and I beg you will not vex yourself on my account. There is nearly enough left for you with care, and surely my cousins will add what their husbands will allow; while anything that I get, as a companion, I will share with you, sooner than you shall want. I have no doubt that dear Mrs. Britton will find me a situation, and I have great cause to be thankful that my habits have become so much more active than they once were, that I feel quite able to take, for example, a housekeeper's place. I'm sure I ought to be particularly thankful—and I am!"

"Oh, Penelope," said her aunt, crying, "you are really religious—I believe it. I have often thought

you over precise, and been cross to you for your altered ways, and joined the young people in sneering at you; but you shame me, and I only wish we had had more of your good principles among us. We should not then have had these misfortunes; but poor Dick didn't see how things would turn out, or he wouldn't have encouraged his father to speculate."

The encomium passed on her religion went far to strengthen Miss Chuffer's magnanimous resolution. Magnanimous it was. The sudden death of her uncle Thatcher had been, in itself, a great shock to her; but, on an inquiry being made into his affairs, it was found that his very expensive experimental farming had so crippled his means that he had been induced by his son to speculate in railway shares, in order to make up his deficiencies. His expectations so far exceeded his gains in this game, that he was led on, in the hope of redeeming his losses, to stake, not only his own property, but that of Miss Chuffer, his niece and ward. As for her, she had never made any inquiry into her affairs, believing, with all Inglebrook, that Mr. Thatcher was as safe as the bank.

To find herself penniless, with the exception of the slender furniture of her house, and her unpretending wardrobe, was a trial that could not be calmly borne without either a strong mind or real religion. Miss Chuffer had not the one, but she had the other; and, under a visitation which would at one time have crushed her down, she determined, by God's help, not to falter.

It was after her first discovery of the state of the case that the above dialogue took place; and many kind things did she say to comfort the widow, and eagerly did she endeavour to commend the principle on which she acted. Perhaps a less booky style would have succeeded better in interesting her aunt; but the benevolent heroism with which she bore her loss, and her tender forbearance towards her late uncle, whose unfaithfulness towards her she never once hinted at, affected Mrs. Thatcher so strongly that she would have borne anything from her on that occasion, even to a verbatim rehearsal of the longest preface of one of her favourite works.

When Miss Chuffer returned home that night, Sarah noticed in her a great excitement of manner. She was overflowing with kindness, and seemed in excellent spirits; but, to use Sarah's phrase, "she was rather flighty." When Sarah took her tea in, she found her with her desk open, and paper laid on it, very busily mending a pen; her hand shook, and she could not succeed to her satisfaction.

Sarah watched her. "Whatever has she been at?" she thought. "Something more has gone wrong; she's done frettin' about Mr. Thatcher."

More than once did she make excuses to come into the room, and still she found the tea untouched.

"The toast is quite cold, and I'd better take the kettle out again? The water won't make tea now, I'm sure."

"Oh dear, Sarah, I really cannot take any tea yet," said her mistress. "I must finish this letter by the evening post."

"Well, you never said as you didn't want it, when you see me bringing it in," said Sarah, who occasionally forgot her manners.

At another time Miss Chuffer would have inflicted a very long lecture on the offender; but, being at

this moment absorbed in the subject of her letter, she contented herself with the meek reply, "I was wrong, Sarah. I'm sorry."

Sarah's astonishment was beyond all bounds. "Something 'ave 'appened. I do believe she's a goin' to be married," was her final conclusion.

She was compelled to wait in uncertainty till the postman's horn sounding gave her an excuse to go again into the parlour.

"There's the 'orn, ma'am, if you've got a letter."

The letter was sealed, and directed to Mrs. Britton. As Sarah took it, she saw that her mistress had been crying, and, more puzzled than ever, she gave the letter to the postman, and made another effort with the tea. Miss Chuffer seemed calm; she said little, but there was a degree of kindness in her tone and manner—kind as she always was—such as Sarah had never seen. With the same sort of intuitive feeling of some pending calamity that animals have of a thunderstorm, the poor girl wandered about the house, lingering near the door of the parlour, half hoping, half dreading, to be called in.

It was but little tea that Miss Chuffer took, and not until the hour at which she usually had evening prayer with her maid, did she ring the bell for the things to be removed. When Sarah entered, she asked if she was to stop to wash up, or come in at once. Miss Chuffer, whose eyes, still very red, were fixed on her open Bible, said, with forced cheerfulness, "I have such a headache to-night, Sarah, I cannot read. I must go to bed, I shall be well to-morrow. My poor uncle!" she added, looking as if in an explanatory way.

"Is that all?" thought Sarah; "well, to begin all over again about that!—but the dairymaid says that her mistress is in greater trouble now, she thinks, than she was at first. I can't see any good in fretting fresh, for my part."

Sarah's cogitations were soon delivered to the dairymaid at the back door, and the dairymaid agreed with her that as the deceased Mr. Thatcher had received a very abundant modicum of grief at the time of his death, there was something of extravagance in this fresh edition of it, and they declared that people ought to be more considerate toward others, and not give way to their feelings.

"You see, I wanted to go to Dawkins's to tea," said the dairymaid; "and I can't ask while missis is a goin' on so."

"Well, think how it must mump me," said Sarah, "as haven't got never a fellow-servant! I calls it selfish."

A hard struggle had poor Miss Chuffer suffered during her servant's time of debate on her case. The desire to exhibit a Christian martyr's spirit had sustained her while before witnesses, and the lawyer and her cousins were loud and sincere in their praise of her forbearance; to comfort her aunt was also a stimulus to suppress her own feelings; but when she was alone, this support forsook her. In her letter to Mrs. Britton she had made a calm, plain statement of the facts, reflecting on no one, and making no appeal to her pity; but simply requesting her to use her interest in getting her a situation, thanking her heartily for having been the means, under God, of teaching her that faith which was sufficient to enable her to see mercy in so trying a dispensation. The letter, though it had a few flights of feeling, was, on the whole, an honour to the writer.

But, in writing it, her last "spending money" of resignation was laid out; her spirits sank as she closed it—there was something so new in asking for friends to help her with anything but advice. The collapse of spirit, always attendant on excitement, followed, and her tears flowed unrestrained for some time after Sarah had left her alone. She tried to read; but her head ached and her mind wandered. She was unable to collect her thoughts, and was beginning to wonder whether she had any religion, or whether she had been acting a part in what she had said and written—when she suddenly remembered Priscilla's having once told her that a bilious headache would, at any time, rob her of all comfort in spiritual things, and that she should never attempt to feel or think on such subjects while suffering from one.

"Perhaps a nervous headache has the same effect," said Miss Chuffer; and, determining not to tell Sarah what had happened till the next morning, she resolved to go to bed.

"How particularly glad I am that I remembered what dear Priscilla told me about the headache," thought she, as she wished Sarah good night, in a tremulous tone.

CHAPTER XXX.—A SILVER LINING TO THE CLOUD.

IN a most comfortable study, than which who can conceive a more comfortable spot, Mr. Middleton was arranging some papers and pamphlets. The room was large, light, airy, and cheerful—one of the best in the Manor House; but all glare of light was subdued by blinds; his books, carefully and well placed, covered several stands, and filled the shelves; flowers, in vases, as well as blooming plants, were in every place that would admit them; and every time the breeze stirred the muslin draperies that shaded the open windows, the most fragrant perfumes entered from the mignonette beds outside.

As the servant laid his letters on the table he took up one, and, looking at the direction, opened it with interest. "From Britton," he observed, as he read for some minutes, with a pleased expression of countenance, for there was abundance of friendly and cheerful notice of Priscilla, her mother, and children. Nothing further had been heard of Rosabella; but on the last page his eye rested with something of vexation; it ran thus:—"You have heard, of course, of poor Miss Chuffer's tribulation. Indeed, we know that you have been a great comfort to her under it; for, in her letter—one which does great credit to her religion and her good sense—she mentions things that you have said, as showing her the folly and sin of fretting. I intend, all well, to try and get to Inglebrook; unless some other friends advance, we must assist her in her need."

"What does it mean?" exclaimed Mr. Middleton; and conscience answered, "You ought to know. You haven't seen anything of her for a long time." "No," he said to himself, meekly, "I have somehow forgotten her of late. I must call this morning. Indeed, I meant to go about Jane."

Another half-hour found him in her parlour. He thought Sarah looked rather blank as she ushered him in, but her mourning, he knew, was for Mr. Thatcher.

Miss Chuffer evidently laboured under excited feelings, which it cost her much to subdue: it was with a severe struggle that she answered Mr. Middleton's salutation calmly.

"I have just had a letter from Mr. Britton," said he, "and regret to learn from him that you have been in some trouble, Miss Chuffer. I hope it is nothing very serious; perhaps it refers to nothing beyond the loss of your uncle."

Miss Chuffer's eyes filled with tears, and she kept them fixed on the ground, as she slowly answered—

"I dare say I ought not to think so. Indeed, after the sermons on Sunday and Sunday week—which I might have thought were for my especial benefit, they were so *particularly* applicable—I feel that I have no right to murmur. Still, I suppose one cannot become reconciled to the change all at once, though I dare say I very soon shall be!"

"May I ask what you allude to?"

"My little property," said she, her voice losing much of its firmness, "is gone. I have nothing left in the whole world but the scanty furniture that is in this house."

"How so? Your property surely was not in that bank?"

Miss Chuffer, with as little condemnation of her uncle as truth allowed, narrated her sorrowful story.

"I quite thought you must have heard it, and that you had kindly meant to console me in all that you said in those sermons. I was in hopes that my poor aunt would take comfort, too."

Mr. Middleton sat nearly an hour with Miss Chuffer, while she gave him a sketch of her future plans.

"I must sell what I have here, get a good place for Sarah, and go out as companion to an invalid lady. I shall be very happy," she said—her mouth, in spite of herself, going into every variety of shape, and her eyes filling fast with tears.

"You will, doubtless, have proof that you have true friends," said Mr. Middleton; "but, in the meantime, I would repeat to you what was indeed applicable to you, though I knew it not on Sunday. Take no thought for the morrow. The Master whom you have served 'a little,' will give you the help that will be best for you. Your extremity is his opportunity."

With a cordiality he had never shown before, Mr. Middleton left her; and Sarah could almost have thought he had brought her back her property, she looked so serenely happy through her tears.

On his way home, Mr. Middleton encountered Mr. Ferriby, and told him of poor Miss Chuffer's trial.

Mr. Ferriby was much moved. "A very worthy, sensible woman, she is; I should be sorry if Inglebrook lost her."

This was uttered with an energy not common to Mr. Ferriby, and the two gentlemen concurred in praising the lady and regretting her loss. Nor did they stop here.

"Something might probably be done to help her," said Mr. Middleton. "You, Mr. Ferriby, and I, with the Brittons, might surely come forward?"

"Of course; but I am not much of a lawyer, Mr. Middleton. I shall call on her; perhaps I may see a way for her out of her trouble. I shall call at once," he said, buttoning his coat, and striking his stick on the ground. And so they parted, and he soon knocked a gentle knock at Miss Chuffer's half-open door.

Now, such a cheering effect had Mr. Middleton's visit had on Miss Chuffer, that she felt a new life infused into her; so that while he was talking to Mr. Ferriby, she was arranging her dress to dust the

pictures and looking-glass in her parlour, before they were to be taken down, in readiness for a sale. She had pinned up her skirt, and put on a loose cotton jacket, and tied a handkerchief over her head, and she was sitting on the steps, with a duster in one hand and a feather broom in the other, directing Sarah how to repair the carpet, when Mr. Ferriby's gentle knock interrupted them.

"It's old Jones," said Sarah; "I see his hat pass the window. How he do worrit; as if nobody had any troubles but him. I can't let go this carpet; if I do, I shall have pretty work to get it up again."

"I can't go to the door, this figure," said Miss Chuffer, surveying herself.

"Come in, Jones," shouted Sarah. "He'll hear, ma'am; the door is open."

Sarah's invitation was not given in the most patient tone; but Miss Chuffer, after rebuking her, said, kindly, as she heard a footstep at the parlour door, "Come in, Jones; here's your money. I'm sorry I forgot to send it."

"It's not Jones," said Mr. Ferriby. "May I come in?"

Sarah stared in consternation, and Miss Chuffer sat transfixed on the steps, holding her broom, and looking like Britannia on a halfpenny.

"I'm intruding?" said Mr. Ferriby.

"How *particularly* odd," said Miss Chuffer, recovering from her surprise, and beginning to laugh at her mistake, and at the trim in which she had been caught. She assured Mr. Ferriby that if he did not mind being brought into an untidy room, she did not care for his intrusion; so raised were her spirits, that such small perplexities were mere matters of amusement to her.

"I wish to speak to you on a little business," said Mr. Ferriby, looking at Sarah, whose surprise had had the effect of making her keep her seat on the carpet.

"Sarah, you can go to Jones, and take his money," said her mistress.

Sarah, recovering her senses and her legs, obeyed, and left Mr. Ferriby seated opposite Miss Chuffer, who still retained her broom and duster.

Mr. Ferriby began by saying that "he had heard with regret that Miss Chuffer thought of leaving Inglebrook, and hoped her mind wasn't quite set upon it."

Miss Chuffer answered that such was her position, it could not be avoided, she feared.

Mr. Ferriby passed his stick nervously from one hand to the other, and made some remarks on the value of a good head to a household, and the management of servants, and the happiness of a cheerful temper, all of which seemed driven at something with which Miss Chuffer had no concern; but suddenly a bright thought flashed across her, and, with much animation, she said, "Is it true, Mr. Ferriby, that Madame Minnipinni is about to leave the Hall for good?"

"Yes," said Mr. Ferriby, looking very pleased.

"And that she takes two servants with her?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Miss Chuffer, "you will want some to supply their places? How *particularly* fortunate. Will you have my poor Sarah? She is, I do assure you, faithfulness itself; and, with an affectionate earnestness, that made her look quite handsome in Mr. Ferriby's eyes, Miss Chuffer bore testimony to all Sarah's good qualities, declaring that to provide

happily for her would greatly lessen her cares for herself.

Mr. Ferriby allowed her to finish; and then, as if pausing for a last consideration, he said, "I shall want servants, Miss Chuffer, that's true; but I want something more. I want some one to manage them—a housekeeper; one that will lead them aright, and set them a good example; one, too, that won't think it a hardship to try and make an old man happy, by falling in with his ways; one that will make a cheerful home for his grandchildren, when they come to him; one that will help him to do what he ought to do for the poor in this place. In fact, Miss Chuffer, I WANT A WIFE!"

Up to this point, Miss Chuffer had been following Mr. Ferriby's list of wants, and trying to think who there was among her acquaintance that would suit him, and wishing earnestly she knew some one fit for the post; but when he summed up, and put all his wants into the word "wife," she was puzzled, and, not being able to continue facing his determined look at her, dropped her duster for an excuse to stoop and pick it up.

"Yes, Miss Chuffer, I want a wife," said Mr. Ferriby; "and the esteem and respect I have long had for you brought me here this morning. I heard you were going to leave Inglebrook, and I thought that I would try and persuade you to stay here. My sister leaves the Hall to-morrow; if you will come and be mistress there, the sooner the better."

Further particulars of this conversation need not be related. It was not many days before the parties came to a perfect understanding; and Mr. Ferriby, in considerable delight, went to tell Mr. Middleton that thenceforth he alone was chargeable with Miss Chuffer's troubles. As for Miss Chuffer, she sat down in happy perturbation of spirits to inform Priscilla of the change in her prospects, and of the bright happy lot that was opening upon her; "Surely no one ever received an offer under such unpromising circumstances," she said to herself—"and cutting such a comical figure, too!"

PRIMITIVE ENGLAND.

ONE DAY'S EXCURSION FROM LONDON.

WE are not about to draw picturesque portraits of painted savages, or to wander—like Gurth and Wamba—amidst Saxon forests, but to denote the existence of a few remains which we possess of a far higher antiquity than these—the remains left to us in England of the primeval earth. We find them where least expected, not on Snowdon, or deep beneath the fens of East Anglia, but in the very centre of the land, surrounded by the tall chimneys and fertile fields of the Midland landscape.

The traveller, on approaching Leicester, may see on the north-west a low ridge of hills, more uneven in outline than the usual contour of the country. This is the high land called Charnwood Forest, once worthy of its sylvan name, but now long since given over to the plough, save a few spots of common, park, and woodland.

It was for a visit to this district that, on a lovely morning in last May, we left St. Pancras station by the swift train, at 6.15, and soon found ourselves at the county town, in the midst of a troop of Leicestershire *savans*, bent on a day's exploration. Our car-

riages rattled through the pebble-paved streets, over the sluggish Soar, by the ruined abbey which yet points the moral of Wolsey's fall;—by the dense crops burdening the red soil;—within sight of Thurstaston, the hospitable home of Hugh Latimer's yeoman father;—within sight of Rothby Temple, the birthplace of Macaulay;—leaving on the right the oaks and ruins of Bradgate, gloriously sad with memories of Lady Jane Grey,—to Groby. We halt not at the mediæval mansion of the Greys, but are arrested by a large, deep quarry of veritable granite. Primitive rock rises up on all sides. The crystals of its constituent minerals sparkle in the sunshine. We see the strata of the red marls lying evenly on the rugged peaks and bosses of the granite. We are all at once down in the foundations of the earth, quite as much so as we could be in the deepest gorge of the Alps or highest summit of the Andes. The granite of Groby is fast yielding to the demands of London streets, but here it is *in situ*, as the *savans* say, and in considerable development. We now get out our geological maps and see that this is only one of several appearances of similar rock within the Charnwood area, and having noted the beautiful varieties of the stone, we begin to consider the wide question which its appearance in this subdued form in central England suggests.

We inquire, first, whether this is a portion of the original crust of the earth; or is it a mass thrown up at later date; or is it merely an altered condition of clay-slate, affected by the pressure of some wondrous force and the mineral charges induced by chemical vapours and steam. Now we, the excursionists, after due consideration, and for reasons which it would be tedious here to detail, came, on the spot, to the conclusion that we see here a part of the original framework of the earth. If our conclusions are correct, Groby is older than Snowdon, older than Dartmoor, as old as the Hebrides.

Later on in the day we found instances of the other alternatives, namely, of an outburst of greenstone matter, now forming solid rocks, but which were erupted in the time of the coal; and numerous rocks which are evidently metamorphosed mud rocks, that is, substances which have, since their deposition, been altered and remineralised by the effects of steam and pressure.

Resting on the granite base and beneath the red marls, there is a deposit of coarse, hard, slaty rocks, which, in one or two places, yields true slate. These are the representatives here of the wildest part of North Wales, the Cambrian country. We went into the slate quarries in the woods at Swithland, which, with all their accompaniments, constitute a fair representation on a small scale of a Carnarvon quarry. These slaty rocks form the bulk of the forest. No fossils have been found in them save some obscure marks like horseshoe impressions, probably the form of a zoophyte. *These are the oldest sedimentary rocks in England.*

We next went on to Markfield, where a fine quarry of syenite is worked for road material, which is reduced to proper size by the jaws of a powerful crusher, like a pair of huge nutcrackers, worked by steam. The syenite is a beautiful, crystalline, tough stone. Our next object of curiosity was a rough outburst of porphyritic rocks, among which the "altar-stone," telling, by its name, of pre-Christian times, stands conspicuous. These porphyry rocks are extremely curious, for the porphyry has been broken into fragments by some force as great as that of the

Markfield crusher, and then reunited by a strong ferruginous paste.

Then we went on to Barton Quarry, on the shoulder of the highest hill in the forest, a perfect mountain of greenstone surmounted by thick woodland. The summit of the rock is laid bare by the workings, and it shows the marks of the deep graving tools brought to bear upon it when it formed the bottom of the red sandstone sea. The rock itself displays all gradations from a pure crystalline form to an evidently altered slate.

Near Abbot's Oak we found on the blocks of trap-
pean rock marks of ice-action. The boulders have been driven along, or over, by the glaciers, which, before the human era, covered the greater part of Britain.

We closed our day at the gate of the convent of St. Bernard, a modern antique, which is as inconsistent and unwelcome as would be an attempt to imitate and reproduce any of the bygone geological periods. The era of the monks of the west, whatever its merits or demerits, has passed away for ever. The spasmodic efforts of misguided sentimentalists may produce a feeble transitory imitation, but the lesson of the dark ages will not have again to be learnt, because the recurrence of the ages themselves is impossible.

On a review of our day's work we had the satisfaction of having encountered in a pleasant fashion: 1st, a relic of the primeval earth, exhibiting the same chemical substances and indicating the same general laws as those which now occur and govern; 2nd, proofs that the oldest crystalline rock has been the basin of an ocean, in which was deposited the oldest of the sedimentary rocks: the latter is formed of the substance of the former, ground up and precipitated as mud, and afterwards altered by pressure and cleavage forces; 3rd, proofs that this huge mass was lifted up and riven by volcanic forces, whilst lava-like matter flowed up and spread out on its surface, an operation often repeated during the epoch of the plants which formed the adjacent coalbeds; 4th, evidence of the sinking again of the whole region beneath the waves of a sea or lake, which deposited the red marls. We need not proceed with the long catalogue of other mighty changes which have formed and fashioned the earth, with its varied contents, as a habitation for man. Enough may be seen, in one easy day's excursion, practicable from most parts of England, to indicate the truly grand scale of God's working in the past. Many of the most difficult problems in geology may be studied with advantage here.

The antiquities of the forest are most tempting, but we must not lengthen our day's work by any mention of these. Never did the oaks of Bradgate and its lonely ruins look more lovely than in the glow of the unclouded setting sun, which was flooding them with hues of amber and topaz as we walked by them back to Leicester, where the train was reached, which sped its way and arrived at St. Pancras at eleven.

S. R. P.

THE PENINSULA OF SINAI.

BY JOHN KEAST LORD, F.Z.S., NATURALIST TO THE EGYPTIAN EXPLORATION EXPEDITIONS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE CONVENT OF ST. CATHERINE.

AFTER a long talk, a great deal of which bore upon our not having brought with us an order from the convent at Cairo to be admitted into the sacred precincts of St. Catherine—I believe the trio, not-

withstanding their invitation, made a great fuss about this trumpery omission in order to enhance the favour they pretended they were conferring upon us—the conference broke up, and it was arranged that we were to visit the convent in the after part of the day.

The convent of St. Catherine, I may explain, was built and founded by order of a Byzantine emperor, Justinian, A.D. 527. It is more than likely that the original church, if we judge from the statement of Precopius, was placed somewhere up in the mountain above, and that the convent as it now stands was once a fortress, built at the foot of the hill to protect the church, or to be a sanctuary or place of refuge for the monks in case of any sudden attack from hostile foes, and that it is only in comparatively modern times the church has been placed inside the strong walls surrounding. The approach to the convent from our camp was along a narrow gorge rather than wady, overshadowed by huge mountains of granite. The convent lies at the base, so to say, of Jebel Mousa, at the upper end of the wady, and as we approached the lofty walls of mud and stone that enclose the gardens, it reminded me of some old feudal castle—an idea further strengthened on reaching the entrance gate, which was quite a new structure; indeed, it was scarcely completed when we visited the convent. The gate, or door more properly, is of immense thickness, and nailed all over with large-headed nails. This new entrance is at one end of a massive wall, quite smooth, perfectly flat, and built of large boulders.

Not many years ago, the only means of ingress and exit was by a rude machine, like a clumsy armed chair, which was lowered from a small doorway situated at the top of the wall. Any traveller, or the monks themselves, if requiring admission, had this machine lowered down; and when seated in it, he was hoisted up and tugged into the doorway, as goods are hauled up by cranes, and then dragged into dark, mysterious warehouses in our great metropolis. The machine for working this primitive chair is still employed, but only for the taking in of goods or heavy articles, and a ponderous crate supplants the chair. The lay brothers work a kind of capstan, by which a rope is wound round and round a drum, and any goods in the crate are easily though slowly hoisted up. This means of ingress and egress was of course adopted for the purpose of security; but now that the Bedouins are most friendly towards the monks, the need for so much caution is at an end. So the monks have constructed an entrance, through which visitors can walk with dignity, instead of being treated like bales of merchandise.

After a considerable amount of knocking at the gate and shouting had been got over by the dragomans, the massive structure at length swung back slowly upon its creaking hinges, and we were admitted within the sacred precincts of the convent by the most remarkable-looking little man I ever saw. He was short of stature, but a very giant in muscularity of arms, legs, and shoulders. His beard hung down nearly to his waist, and, with back hair to match, was of a red or grisly hue. A bunch of keys, with either one of which he might have brained a bull, dangled from his leathern girdle. His only garment was a rusty old brown frock or cassock, and he revelled in the name of "Sandy." Sandy, after closing the gate, and shutting out all

the Bedouins, led the way through a large open court, in which a handsome building was in process of erection—this, I subsequently learned, was a new chapel—to a small postern, in the wall of the main building. Unlocking it, we entered a narrow passage, built in a zig-zag fashion, or in other words, in a series of acute angles or elbows. This, I was told, was to enable the monks to defend it more easily in case the gate should be carried by assault. The passage led into a court delightfully shaded from the sun by trellis-work covered with trailing grape-vine. Here the monk I have likened to Old Time met us, attended by a small body-guard of lay-brothers.

The usual welcome being given, we were conducted through a series of narrow passages, and up steps and contrivances, half stair, half ladder, to a long gallery. On one side, this gallery or corridor commanded a view of the interior of the convent; on the other, it was divided into a great many small rooms, the windows of which overlooked the wady, wherein was our camp. One of these chambers—the one into which we were ushered—was evidently the state or grand reception apartment of the establishment, and an exceedingly comfortable lounging or sitting room it proved to be. It was nearly square, and most luxurious divans, or benches of considerable width covered with chintz and stuffed like sofas, occupied the entire square of the room except the place where the door opened, and upon these most enjoyable lounges we (the visitors) sat or reclined in any positions best suited to our tastes, to await the arrival of the head of the establishment.

The superior himself we did not see; we were

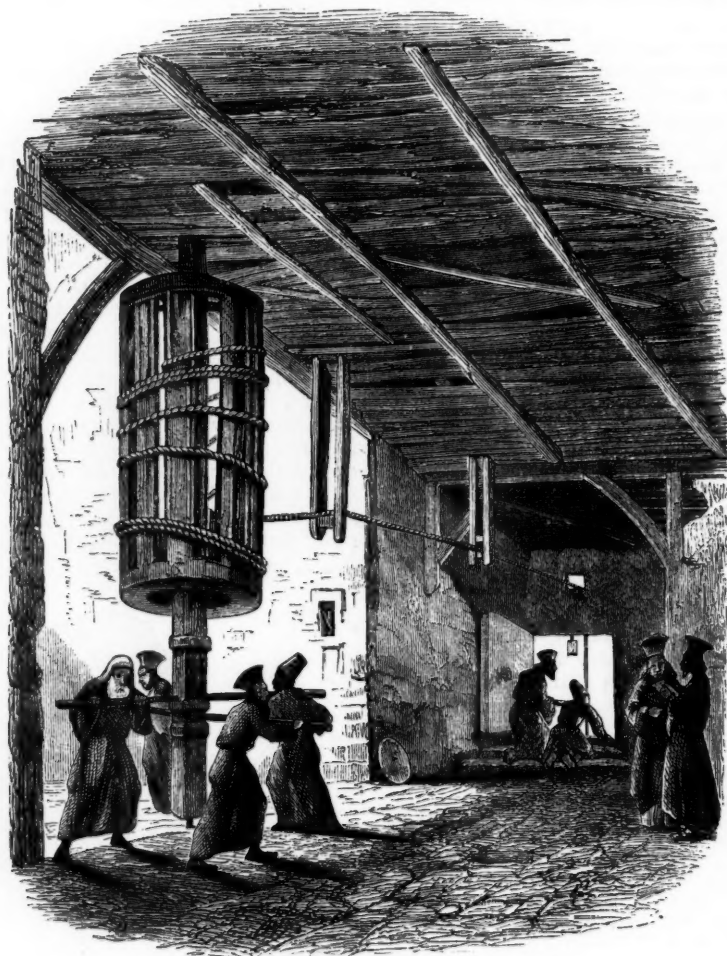


SUPERIOR OF THE CONVENT.

informed that urgent business had called him away to Cairo. Our portrait shows him to be a fine, venerable old man. We subsequently learned that it is his reverence's custom to bolt immediately he hears of

the approach of any persons in pursuit of science, and to carry with him the keys of the library containing the ancient manuscripts. This may perhaps be accounted for in some measure by the theft once perpetrated of a most valuable manuscript. It is not every traveller who comes with the qualifications and credentials of a Tischendorf.* The story of the stolen manuscript is somewhat as follows. Mahomet, while

convinced that some great future was in store for this young man, the holy fathers treated him with marked respect and every kindness, while he in return, as a memento of his gratitude, offered them protection against the hostile Bedouins. The camel-driver being unable to write, the monks drew up a contract which was written upon the skin of a gazelle, and in lieu of signature, Mahomet dipped the heel of his



THE WINDLASS AT THE CONVENT.

employed as a driver of camels in Arabia, made his way either by accident or design to the convent of St. Catherine. The convent had been only recently erected, and the appearance of any stranger would have been looked upon as a noteworthy occurrence. As the future great prophet rested with his camels on a hill behind the convent, called Jebel Minijea, a large eagle was observed to suddenly descend and spread its wings over the head of the young camel-driver. The good monks, hailing this as some wondrous augury, went out to meet the stranger, and at last persuaded him to enter the convent. Being at length firmly

hand into the ink, and with it signed or stamped the precious document. This contract, so goes the legend, was carefully stowed away in the convent's strong room, from which it was afterwards taken—or stolen, perhaps, is the correct rendering—by Sultan Selim, and carried off to Constantinople, and a copy sent in return to the aggrieved monks. So far, no traveller that I am aware of has ever seen the copy, and it is pretty certain the story is simply an ingenious fiction invented by the old monks to gain power over the barbaric hordes surrounding them.

We were not long kept in suspense, for soon our guide returned, attended by two other monks high in office. The acting chief of the convent was extremely courteous, and made very many inquiries through our dragoman as to the end and purpose of

* For a narrative of the discovery and acquisition of the now-celebrated "Codex Sinaiticus," see a small treatise by Professor Tischendorf, "When were the Gospels Written? with a Narrative of the Discovery of the Sinaitic Manuscript," published by the Religious Tract Society.

our visit. In appearance and costume he differed but very little from the other head monks, save that he looked much more lanky in figure and more bilious in countenance. Never once did he cease during our interview to "tell" or count over his beads, and one was tempted to believe that some defect in his memory rendered it utterly impossible for him to arrive at any clear or correct idea how many beads the rosary consisted of, and so he kept counting them over and over again, in the earnest

The interview satisfactorily concluded, we were shown over the convent by a posse of monks.

The convent, as it now stands, may be defined as a most irregular kind of quadrangle, completely shut in by high and massive walls built of granite, the blocks rough and unhewn. At the corners and here and there along the course of the walls small square towers have been built, principally as a means of seeing any approaching cavalcade, should they be friends or foes. Two or three of these towers



GALLERY IN THE CONVENT.

hope of solving the problem. We were regaled with tiny glasses filled with a kind of cordial the monks make in the convent from the grapes that grow on the trellised vines shading the courts and corridors within the outer walls. The fathers called it "arak," and to my uncultivated palate it tasted remarkably like very strong spirits of wine highly flavoured with aniseed. In the way of sweetmeats, they handed us slices of some curious-looking material that I rather enjoyed. Upon inquiry we learned that it was composed of dried dates and almonds pounded up together. Both the dates and the almonds grow in the convent garden, and whilst the pounded mixture is in a plastic condition, it is sewn tightly up in small bags made of goat-skin. The bags differ in weight of contents, but the prevailing size and shape is about that of an ordinary sausage. I have two of these bags still, filled exactly as they were given me by the monks when I bade them good-bye.

contain small rusty carronades, that would not be at all likely to do any harm, except to the individual rash enough to fire them. The size of the quadrangle is, roughly speaking, 250 feet long by 210 broad. We walk along through bewildering labyrinths of narrow passages, and continually climb rickety stairs, to reach platforms and enter other passages so exactly the counterpart of those traversed, that it is hard to believe we are not the victims of some strange delusion. Now we come out into a tiny court covered with trailing grape-vine, and hardly have we looked about us than we are conducted into another of exactly the same pattern. Some of these little courts are extremely pretty, being decked with bright flowers carefully cultivated by the monks, and often overshadowed by lofty cypress-trees; but amidst all this apparent irregularity the greatest neatness is everywhere observable. There are two or three large and very deep wells in the convent that afford a never-

failing supply of deliciously cold water, but the well most appreciated is situated in a little court close to the church, and bears the name of the "Fountain of Moses."

The convent, it is very evident, has been built up at various times. A good piece of it was rebuilt by the French during the occupation of Egypt, by direction of General Kleber.

I certainly did not at all envy the good monks their tiny chambers or cells opening out into the blind courts and straggling corridors we had been examining. No furniture of any description was visible, not even a bed or a chair; a bench raised a little above the floor, and overspread with a coarse mat, doing duty for all. Every monk during the time he is unemployed at his devotions has to perform some kind of manual labour. There were shoemakers, tailors, corn-grinders, store-keepers, gardeners; indeed, everything required by the fraternity is, if possible, made in the convent. No animal food of any kind, excepting salted fish, is permitted within the convent walls; but I am sorry to record a fact that came within my own experience, which goes to show that some of the monks, at any rate, are not so scrupulous as they ought to be in the observance of their religious vows. Great numbers of wild doves frequent the convent garden; these the monks shoot or trap, slyly pick the feathers off beneath the shadows of the trees, and get the Arabs to cook them and bring them by stealth into the convent. One rather remarkable thing I noticed in going through the store-rooms, and that was a barrel of cured pilchards from Cornwall. I was hardly prepared to see fish in the convent from our own seas, when the Red Sea, so close at hand, is teeming with abundance and variety of edible fish.

The church stands directly athwart, and is about the centre of the quadrangle. It is a massive, handsome building, and dates from about the time of Justinian, the middle of the sixth century. I attended service in it once, which commenced at six o'clock in the morning, and it was only on that occasion I had an opportunity of seeing the interior. It was a very simple service, and mainly consisted in reading passages from the gospels, with responses chanted by the whole brotherhood. Each monk occupied a kind of stall, so contrived that he could not possibly sit; he was compelled either to stand or kneel. After the service, which occupied about an hour and a half a kind of sacrament was handed round by the officiating monks, consisting of something in a silver cup, whether wine or not I did not discover, and some bits of dry, wafer-like bread. As the monks left the church on the conclusion of the communion, they most of them knelt before, and passionately kissed—I say passionately, because the kiss was often repeated several times—several pictures that hung against the walls of the church. So far as I could make out the subjects, the pictures they kissed were representations of the Saviour and Virgin Mary, but it is no exaggeration to say the paint had been to a great extent worn off by the constant application of lips. The service was that of the Greek Church. The interior of the building is extremely handsome and imposing. The centre aisle is hung with richly-ornamented lamps of all shapes and sizes; the roof is supported on a double row of Corinthian columns, while the walls are thickly covered with quaint old pictures. The altar is grandly decorated with candlesticks, silver chalices, and

crucifixes, and on the dome over it the Crucifixion is represented in mosaic. Near by the altar hang the two portraits of Justinian and Theodora. The floor is elaborately patterned, and a huge cross rising from the altar to the ceiling overtops all. In a tiny, little chapel—before I could enter it I had to take my shoes off—three silver lamps are kept constantly burning. This is the chapel of the "Burning Bush," and it must be held in great reverence by the monks, to judge from the fuss and parade they make to admit a stranger. I saw nothing, however, worthy of notice, the pictures hung against the walls being merely miserable daubs in common tinselly frames. Another famous show relic is the lid of a sarcophagus which has on it a full-length figure representing Empress Ann of Russia. The gems with which the ornaments are set, worn by the empress, are said to be real. There was also exhibited another tomb, which the faithful believe, or pretend to believe, contains the bones of St. Catherine, brought from the adjoining mountain, "Jebel Katarina," where, according to the legend of the monks, the body of this sainted lady was conveyed by angels and deposited in a kind of rock sarcophagus, which may be seen, so they tell you, to this day, if you have enough enterprise and sufficient wind to climb the mountain.

Close by this church, strange to say, is a mosque for the use and benefit of the followers of the true prophet who visit the convent. The convent garden is truly a delightful spot: it lies on sloping ground, and has been cleverly terraced to carry out the needful process of continual irrigation. One loses all idea of being in the very heart of a barren wilderness when strolling beneath the enjoyable shadow of groves of lemon, orange, citron, pomegranate, and other trees native to the fair land of Italy and isles of Greece. I saw many kinds of vegetables growing luxuriantly. I may specify as homely examples lettuces, radishes, cabbages, beans, and cucumbers. It only shows that, by judicious cultivation, this so-called wilderness may be turned into most productive land, and be veritably made "to blossom like the rose."

One of the most loathsome places about the convent is the dead-house, which is situated in the garden. It is partially beneath the surface of the ground, and is made up of two chambers. One of these chambers contains the bones of the priests, the other the bones of the lay brothers. The bodies, so I was told, of such as die in the convent are spread upon iron grates, where they rapidly dry, and never decompose in the dry atmosphere of the desert. When dry, the bodies are broken up; the arms are placed in one compartment, the thighs in another, and so on, until the whole is packed away, the skulls being thrown together in one mixed heap. The priests' remains, as I have said, are in one chamber, the lay monks' in the other. They exhibit in this charnel-house the relics of a saint and the fragments of two fanatical hermits, who it is said passed their lives on the mountain of Sinai, chained together by the legs. They always wore a kind of metal armour next their skins, and subsisted upon herbs and the small quantity of grain given them by the charitable. There was to me something very horrible and appalling in gazing upon the remains of one's fellow-man in this dried-up, ghastly condition; but the monks seem to care nothing about it, and walk about amidst the relics of their predecessors with as much indifference as one might stroll through a factory for making bone buttons.

The language spoken by the monks is, as a general rule, modern Greek, although a few speak only Italian, and others Russian. Very few of them knew Arabic. They have nothing now to fear from their wild neighbours, the Bedouins, as they entertain a very high respect for the good monks of St. Catherine. They have no bells of any kind in the convent, so they call the fraternity to prayers by the oddest contrivance I ever saw: a long plank made of light deal is suspended by two pieces of chain, so that it swings loosely in a slanting position. Two lay brothers stand before this swinging board, each armed with two wooden mallets, one in each hand, and with these they hammer away at the plank like insane drummers. The din and racket they make is something to be listened to, and he must indeed be a sound sleeper who could rest undisturbed when these monkish drummers are in full swing. Passing through the great wooden doors that fasten up the church, we were shown several shields, heraldic devices, and coats of arms, rudely etched in the stone portals. These it is supposed were scratched during the time of the Crusades with the dagger points of some knightly pilgrims who came to pray at the shrine of St. Catherine.

I spent very many pleasant hours in the convent, and attended in my capacity as "Hakeem Bashi," or doctor, I believe I may truthfully say, nearly every one of its inmates.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAKE POETS.

BY THE REV. EDWARD WHATELY, M.A.

WHEN I first saw Southey, he was considerably advanced in age, and what most struck me about him was the singularity of his appearance. I do not think he could ever have been a handsome man, though Byron did say of him, "To have had his head and shoulders I would almost have written his sapphics." He was certainly well made, and in his best days must have had a good figure; but his features were too much exaggerated, too much like a caricature, to have been handsome. The profile was unusually marked, especially the nose, and to the singularity produced by this prominence, in later life, was added the additional peculiarity of a mass of white hair, which time had certainly not thinned, standing nearly straight off from his head.

You could scarcely find two men who presented a greater contrast to one another than Southey and Wordsworth, both in character, writing, and habits of life; and this contrast appeared to have extended itself to their places of residence, though I could hardly go so far as to assert that this was not the result of accidental circumstances. Greta Hall, the home of Southey, near Keswick, though surrounded by mountains, yet stands in a plain sufficiently wide to leave ample breathing space; whereas of the valleys in the neighbourhood of Rydal and Ambleside, the inhabitants of Keswick used (in my time at least) to say that they could not live in such confined regions. Through this plain flows the river Greta, "heard only when all is at silence," as Southey says in one of his poems; and the smooth, bulky form of the great Skiddaw, like a lazy giant, looks down on the scene below, in a lounging attitude of

indolent repose. Southey's house, like Wordsworth's, stands on high ground, but is more exposed to view than the latter, which is very much shut in by trees. There was nothing about the garden, even in Southey's lifetime, or indeed about the interior or exterior of the house, which rendered it peculiarly appropriate for a poet's residence, and in this respect again it formed a contrast to Rydal Mount. But you could not have entered it without seeing at once that you were in the house of a man of letters. The study, which was on the ground floor, and the library, which was, as far as I can recollect, just above it, were both well filled with books; the former room testified most strongly to the studiousness of its inmate, for you could scarcely find a book in it which did not contain notes in the handwriting of Southey, intended probably as references for future works which he was about to compile. This handwriting was strikingly unlike that of most men of genius; it was remarkably neat, careful, and upright, occupying a very small space, and in this respect very different to that of Wordsworth, which was wide and sprawling.

Southey very seldom opened his lips to speak, a silence which perhaps was partly owing to his natural reserve and taciturnity, and partly to the fact that, even at the time when I first saw him, that decay of mental power which ended in total loss of intellect had already commenced. I recollect that one of the first things that forcibly drew the attention of some of his family to this melancholy fact was his losing his way upon one occasion. But even in his best days he was a silent man. How far his taciturnity arose from natural disposition, and how far from his being by profession an author, it is difficult to say; but it will be generally found, I think, on observation, that those authors who depend on their writings for their livelihood are seldom distinguished as conversational men. But this taciturnity must have been disappointing to those who came to see Southey as a "lion." When he could get a friend alone, and expatiate on any favourite topic, I have heard that he would lay aside his usual reserve, and unloose his tongue, but such seasons were the exceptions, not the rule.

His habits were most laborious in respect of mental exertion. I suppose there was scarcely any portion of the day when he was not reading or writing, except the hours for sleep and meals. To this constant and excessive exercise of brain, the final decay of his mental faculties has been partly attributed. He had not, like many other intellectual men, any favourite amusement, totally unconnected with literature, which could serve him as a relaxation; he did not work in his garden; he did not indulge in field sports; and though he was regular in his walks, the mere contemplation of nature was not a sufficiently absorbing pleasure to divert his mind from thoughts connected with his literary labours. He was not, indeed, indifferent to the charms of outward nature, but I doubt whether the love of it was strong enough in him to afford him positive relaxation. Indeed, at one time of his life he precluded himself from the possibility of such relaxation, by reading during his walk. In later life, when walking by himself, he used to limit his distance by a particular milestone, which I have seen him touch with his stick when he reached it. He was always a shy, reserved man, inasmuch that I think he could scarcely have enjoyed himself in society. Though probably

not indifferent to praise, he did not like to receive a compliment, at least not in a mixed company, and would answer it with no further acknowledgment than a grunt. I recollect Mrs. Southey mentioning a very elaborate compliment which he received in this manner, but the author, considering it too good to be lost, repeated it to her. It was to this effect—that the profuse and luxuriant growth of his hair was sufficient to hide the laurels which an admiring public might be likely to award him. Perhaps it would have been well for Southey if his life had been less that of a recluse. For had he mixed more with his fellow-men, such intercourse, besides modifying his natural shyness, would have rendered him less bitter in his writings against those whose political views differed from his own, and perhaps might have sharpened his argumentative powers, which certainly do not show to advantage in most of his publications. It is strange that a man so amiable and affectionate in private life should be so severe in print, but such are the inconsistencies which we occasionally see in human nature.

One of the strongest features in his mind was the sense of the ludicrous, which (as may be seen from his poems) led him to seek out what was strange and fantastic. His humour took its colour very much from what was also a characteristic feature of his disposition, the love of the marvellous. His cats and other pets were called by strange and grotesque names, though whether they were all of his own or his children's choosing I cannot distinctly remember. But anything fantastical in a name seemed to have an attraction for him. I recollect, when a man of the name of Samuel Simson sent him a letter, post paid, asking for his autograph, he answered by an epigram which he composed while he was shaving. I forget all but the first two lines, which were something to this effect:—

"Since you . . . Sam, the descendant of Sim,
To me, Robert Southey, have taken a whim," etc.

He seemed to retain his sense of the ludicrous long after the decay of his faculties had begun to make rapid progress. Once when a preacher let fall some ludicrous remark in his sermon, about Moses being presented at court, the idea seemed to take such hold upon his mind, that he would sometimes wake up from sleep, and ask his daughter, "Who was that Moses man?" At last the decay of his intellect became complete, yet even then his old habits clung to him; and he would sit turning over the leaves of books, though he no longer knew what was contained in them.

But now let us cross the *rays*, where a large heap of stones, the grave of King Dumail (as it is reported to be), marks the boundary which divides the two counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and let us proceed (the journey is only fourteen miles) to the residence of Wordsworth, at Rydal Mount. Well do I remember the guard's hand pointing, like a sign-post, in the direction of that house, when the daily coach passed by. It is remarkable that, as if to contribute to the interest which those regions inspired, the guards of the two mails that ran between Keswick and Kendal were not ordinary men. They were endowed with greater conversational powers than are ordinarily found in that class of persons, and one of them especially possessed a remarkable fund of humour.

Rydal Mount, both as regards the house and

garden, had much more the air of a poet's residence than Greta Hall. The former was simple and unpretending, with something perhaps of the cottage about it, but at all events thoroughly rural. The garden bore the traces of the poet in the poetical inscriptions which were placed in certain parts, each of which had some reference to the spot to which they were attached, and the view at the end of the garden is one of the finest in the whole of England. Wordsworth himself, both in person, manner, and dress, was more careless and more indifferent than Southey. In temperament he had that susceptibility to annoyance in trifles which is characteristic of a poet; his equanimity was easily upset, though underneath all this, or in spite of it, there seemed to be a general spirit of calm repose, such as you do not see in the mere man of the world, but might expect in one who held constant communion with nature.

His face was eminently that of a poet, or at least one which possessed those characteristics which appeal to the poetic feeling in others, a certain grandeur, picturesqueness, and simplicity. He certainly was not handsome, and I believe it was through attempting to make him so that painters failed in representing him faithfully.

In his habits of life, Wordsworth exhibited the true simplicity of the poet. I have seen him travelling in a cart with his little grandchildren to make hay with them in a neighbouring field. And here I must confess that to my mind his poetical character stops.

Often as I have been in his company, I recollect distinctly that he never in my presence uttered a poetical sentiment, either of his own or of any one else, except on one occasion when he remarked, in speaking of the swan, that it was a very beautiful idea of the ancients, when, as if to indemnify this bird for the want of sweetness in its voice during lifetime, they represented it as "dying in music."

The tone that breathed through his conversation was one, not of poetry, but of strong, plain, practical common sense. His views of life, of men, and of manners, were, except when his political and other prejudices intervened, sound and just, and altogether his conversation flowed in a pleasing and placid current, though both his sentences and his words were too long and too high-flown to suit the subject he was discussing. It is curious to observe that, both in his prose writings and in his conversation, his style was essentially the opposite of that which he adopted in his poems, evidently proving that the latter style was the result rather of theory than of his natural turn of mind. His mode of talking sometimes resembled a moral declamation: it was happily described by a remark which one of his little grandsons, a clever child, once made: "Grandpapa," he exclaimed, looking up in amazement, "is reading without a book!"

There was apparently very little humour or sense of humour in the composition of his mind. There is, I think, only one of his poems, "The Waggoner," which breathes anything of the spirit of fun, and his conversation was equally devoid of it. When, as sometimes happened, it had the effect of producing humour in others, this was owing to the absence of that feeling in himself; as, for example, when he used the most high-flown language in speaking of the most common-place, ordinary affairs of life. Only once did I hear him manifest an appreciation of

humour, and that was when an amusing poem was read out to him from a newspaper, which he certainly seemed to relish. There is one facetious story only which I recollect his telling, but as that story is too good to be lost, I will repeat it.

When he was a boy at school at Hawkshead, he was even then distinguished above his schoolfellows in verse writing. One day a boy, much older than himself, asked him to take a walk with him, which seemed an act of great condescension, but it soon appeared that the boy had an object in view, for he presently addressed to him, in his north country dialect, the following question: "How is it, Bill, thee doest write with such good verses? Doest thee invoke Muses?"

With regard to Wordsworth's love of children, judging from his poems, some persons have supposed that it was inordinate. He liked them, I think, as a philosophic and psychological study; he considered them as a class of beings who throw more light on the mysteries of our existence than people of maturer years. But I have my doubts as to whether he could so thoroughly understand and sympathise with the ordinary run of children, as entirely to win their confidence and make himself their playmate or companion. He certainly could not portray more than a few of the features in the child's character. This, however, may have been owing partly to the fact that the dramatic element was not strong in him. He could not draw a villain, and when he attempted to do so, he made such a man an incomprehensible being, because, as Hartley Coleridge truly remarked, he did not describe any of those dark passions which, while they do not excuse, at least account for a course of crime. He was utterly devoid of them himself, and could not portray them in another.

Wordsworth, unlike Southey, was eminently a conversational man, or rather, I should say, a great talker, for if he were allowed to do so without interruption, he would take the lion's share of the conversation, which, being a lion, was a right sometimes readily conceded to him; but he was so slow in his utterance that he would occasionally let himself be talked down by another. In the company of Hartley Coleridge he did not show to advantage, for Hartley made a point of contradicting everything he said, which rather ruffled him.

I have heard that it was curious to see him and the poet Rogers together; they were old friends, and had a strong regard for one another; but their habits and pursuits were utterly different, and each felt a certain amount of contempt for the habits and pursuits of the other. Rogers could not always restrain the spirit of sarcasm which was so strong in him. For instance, once when Wordsworth had been telling a long-winded story, Rogers, at the end of it, quietly remarked that he had heard it before, and in fact it was in print.

Coleridge I never saw, nor did I ever hear his son Hartley or Wordsworth say much respecting him. Hartley always spoke of his father with affection, but never, to my knowledge at least, related any anecdotes respecting him. I once heard Wordsworth speak of him, but it was only about his personal appearance. He remarked, that he could not be called a handsome man, and that the great fault in his face was his mouth; the best feature, his eyes. He once gave an interesting account of the origin of "We are Seven," the "Ancient Mariner," and some other poems, the names of which I forget.

He and Coleridge agreed to take a tour together, I think, into Devonshire; and in order to pay their expenses, resolved to write some poems, which, I think, were composed during the tour, but I am not sure. They gave each other a certain amount of assistance in their respective compositions. In the "Ancient Mariner" it is remarkable that the idea of the dead men pulling the ropes, which would seem more likely to have emanated from the mind of Coleridge than of Wordsworth, was suggested by the latter. The first verse of the poem "We are Seven" was written by Coleridge. Wordsworth composed this poem backwards, beginning at the last verse and going upwards. He and Coleridge were staying in a friend's house at the time of its composition. Wordsworth was summoned to tea when he had finished all but the first verse, and Coleridge told him to go into the drawing-room, and he would complete it for him.

Wordsworth's favourite poet was Milton, as Southey's was Spenser, and I suppose that these poets to a certain degree served as models to them. It is curious to observe how Milton's genius triumphed over political prejudices in a mind so strongly imbued with them as that of Wordsworth. His veneration for Milton was so great, that if that poet used a particular word in a particular sense, he would quote his authority to justify himself when his wife or daughter objected to its employment in his own poems. The fact of Milton preferring Euripides to the other Greek tragedians served to raise that dramatist in his opinion. Perhaps he was almost as much attached to Milton as he was to his own lakes and mountains, in which he could never see a fault. With respect to the latter, I doubt whether he thought they were equalled by any scenery in the world, and whether he would not have given them the preference even to Switzerland. In comparing them to Killarney he admitted that there was one view there—I think it was the view between the upper and lower lake—which was superior to any in Cumberland or Westmoreland; but, as a whole, he thought Killarney inferior to the English lakes.

Wordsworth, like Southey, was never, as far as I know, addicted to field sports or other manly exercises; I doubt whether he was ever on a horse in his life. For I recollect that Hartley Coleridge, in criticising one of his poems—"Lucy" I think—said that a certain verse, in which the poet described himself as riding, was spoiled for him (H. C.), because the idea of Mr. Wordsworth on horseback was utterly incongruous. The only feat I remember his performing in the way of sport, was endeavouring to catch what he thought to be a trout, by tickling it, but which, when he hauled it on shore, to his horror proved to be a toad!

The whole of Wordsworth's conversation was imbued with a high tone of morality; he had also a profound respect for religion, and in his latter days I was glad to hear that his mind dwelt more and more on the great doctrine of the Atonement.

I need hardly add, what is so well known, that his earthly remains sleep in Grasmere churchyard, for it may be said as truly of him as it was of Thomson by Collins:—

"Long, long, thy stone and painted clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes;
Oh! vales and 'mountains,' shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies."

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF DRESS.

XI.—DYEING.

WITHOUT colour ornament, articles of wearing apparel would be unattractive and sombre, especially the wearing apparel of ladies. Hence the need of the dyer's art, and his is a more difficult and refined art than any person unacquainted with its principles might have expected. The dyeing of a textile fabric is a very different matter from the painting of a picture. When a painter has laid on his tints, he may spread a varnish glaze over them if the work of art be an oil painting, or he may shield them with a glass front if a water-colour painting, thus in either case giving them protection. If they stand unchanged the influence of light and air, the painter—expecting of them no more—is satisfied. Far otherwise in respect to dyed articles of apparel, whether dyed throughout, like the broadcloth of a gentleman's coat, or a lady's silk dress. Very far otherwise in respect of washable articles of attire—printed calicoes, for example. Let any one imagine to him or herself the amount of hard treatment a printed cotton dress has to put up with during its term of existence—the soap, the scrubbing, the boiling, the soda, the bleaching powder, all of which come into play as often as the printed cotton dress goes to the laundress—and some notion will be acquired of the art that must have been brought to bear in giving the necessary colour fixation.

The face of all nature abounds with colour tints, and mostly they are harmonious. By colour harmony is meant that certain mingling of tints which shall pleasantly affect the eye. Blue dresses do not go well with brunettes, as every lady of taste knows. Tawny yellow and chocolate go well with dark complexions, as Spanish peasant girls well know. Purple and orange is a harmonious combination, so is green and red. What tyro in water-colour landscape is ignorant of the red-cloak dodge, as artists contemptuously call it—an old woman wearing a red cloak set down upon a plot of green in the foreground. The red-cloaked old woman and the windmill are cherished devices for school-going young ladies to operate with before a vacation—the time when drawings touched up by the master are taken home for the appreciation of mammas and papas. It seems as though the Creator had willed to gratify the eyesight of man in the harmonious arrangement and disposition of nature colouring. Witness the beautiful colour harmonies of cloud and sky, and do not forget the flowers. Observe how the red poppy only blooms in cornfields, while the corn is green, red and green being harmonious. By-and-by, the poppies will have faded, and the corn will have yellowed into golden-tinted waves. Then the purple corn-flower will have displayed its petals, thus still maintaining the harmony. Considerations such as these will make apparent the truth that dyeing and colour-printing demand much care on the operator's part besides the trouble of fixing them, if he would imitate the harmonies of nature.

Taking account of the variety of tints which flowers present, the idea might naturally arise that flowers would lend much aid to the dyer. It does not chance, however, to be so. On the instant I can only remember one flower—a yellow flower, the *carthamus tinctorius*, or safflower, that contributes to the dye vat, and even in this solitary case the colour is fugitive.

Many attempts have been made to fix on textile fabrics the colouring principles of flowers, but always without avail. The vegetable kingdom contributes many things to the dye vat, but mostly chips of certain coloured woods are laid under contribution. Indigo, however, is a sort of dried extract from a herb—the *Indigofera tinctoria*—concerning which more will have to be set down hereafter. Besides dyes of vegetable origin, the mineral and the animal kingdom both yield many things useful to the dyer. The celebrated Tyrian purple was evolved from two species of shell-fish. Kermes, yielding the only scarlet known to ancient Greek and Roman dyers, was the produce of an insect found along many parts of the Mediterranean coast. Cochineal is the dried body of an insect indigenous to Mexico. As for dyes obtained from the mineral kingdom, they are far too numerous for recapitulation here. Given any particular dye material to a novice in the art of dyeing, and left to his own devices for permanently fixing it, he would find in most cases the task beyond his powers. Having immersed some colourless woven fabric in a solution of the dye stuff, and brought it out with colour seemingly attached, the operator would most usually find that the act of washing even in simple water would remove all the colouring material. In the course of long years practical artists, by trial and experience alone, devised means of fixing permanently certain colours by processes the theory of which was unknown to themselves. Until chemistry became far enough advanced to make known the conditions under which colours might be made to attach to fabrics, if capable of attachment, no certain principles could be laid down for the guidance of operators; now, however, to do this is easy.

Although it be difficult to establish generalisations for colouring matters used in dyeing, yet so far as it goes the following rule holds good. All colouring matters obtained from animal or vegetable sources by process of mere extraction, have a tendency to unite with alumina (the earthy matter of alum), also with oxide of tin, forming a class of bodies known in commerce as lakes. These lakes are much used in painting, as every artist knows. They are used in dyeing also, but not as lakes, but in a way that the following description will make manifest. Assume that we have some colouring matter, it signifies not what; assume that it will not combine with thread or tissue, but will combine with alumina or with oxide of tin; assume further (which sometimes happens), that the alumina or the oxide of tin has an affinity for the material to be dyed. Under these circumstances, would it seem unreasonable to assume that, the tissue being charged with the alumina or the oxide of tin first, and then the tissue submitted to the dye vat, permanent coloration would ensue? This actually happens in many cases, wherefore alumina and oxide of tin are recognised by the dyer as two of his most valuable mordants, so called from *mordere*, to bite, seeing that they bite, so to speak, the colour into the cloth. Again, remembering that animal substances, as the rule, absorb colouring matters with greater facility, and retain them more permanently than vegetable substances, the question would naturally arise whether vegetable tissue cannot be impregnated with some animal matter to act

as a mordant? In practice this is done, and extensively done. Perhaps the most notable example is seen in the dyeing of cotton Turkey red. Everybody knows that Turkey red is a very beautiful colour. It is produced by madder, the colouring agency of which will not attach itself to cotton that has not been mordanted, or, so to speak, animalised. As we are not to be made practical dyers through the information here conveyed, as my intent is merely that readers shall glean first principles, I would rather not particularise the exact animal substances used for this mordanting of cotton, in the process of dyeing it Turkey red. Sheep's blood is one, and that the most delicate of the lot; as for the others, people whose craving for knowledge makes them dissatisfied with my slender sketch, had better consult some technical dictionary or cyclopædia, and study what is therein set down under the heading of Turkey red.

The first point then to be apprehended in relation to this subject, is that particular dye colours do not attach themselves to all textile fabrics alike. Soldiers' red, for example, may be imparted to wool readily, under a certain mode of treatment; but neither silk, nor cotton, nor linen, will receive the dye at all in any practical condition of permanence or original beauty. The second point to be apprehended is that while certain dyes—the ancient Tyrian purple, for example—attach themselves to fabrics adapted for their reception, without the intervention of any second thing, other dyes require that second thing—hence the distinction drawn between dyes substantive and dyes adjective. Comparatively few dye materials will act without mordanting, and hence the difficulty of dyeing in domestic practice. It is not, either, as though all mordants acted in one and the same way. They do not, the theory of their action being very diverse; so that, in point of fact, to understand dyeing, and still more calico-printing, aright, one need have a theoretical acquaintance at least with the principles of chemistry. The two chief mordants, or rather classes of mordants, are, as we have said, preparations of alumina and preparations of tin.

Besides the occasions involving the production of lakes—the designation lake being exclusively appropriated to compounds of oxide of tin, or of alumina, with colouring matter—the device of forming a third compound in the tissue to be dyed has wider applications. For example, if prussiate of potash be brought into contact with almost any iron solution, or infusion of gall nuts into contact with the same, tints are immediately developed—a blue tint in the first case, a black tint in the second. Now it happens that oxide of iron has a strong tendency to unite with animal and vegetable fabrics, especially the latter. What is commonly called an iron mould well illustrates the fact, an iron mould being nothing else than a combination of peroxide of iron with the fibres of a woven material. Suppose, then, the dyer to have established an iron mould purposely—suppose him to have immersed a woven fabric into some solution of iron, and promoted combination of tissue with peroxide of iron. If the dyer had resolved to tint his fabric of a dingy red colour, his work would already be done. That not being his intention, resolving to effect a brilliant blue tint, what does he do? What I have already indicated; the dyer steepes his iron-moulded tissue in a solution of prussiate of potash, when Prussian blue is formed upon, or rather within, the fibres; the tissue goes into the vat a rusty red,

but it comes out blue. The most important blue dyeing agent, however, is indigo, a vegetable product having numerous remarkable properties. The substance known as indigo is found in many vegetable juices, even some animal juices; but the East Indian indigo plant is the only one from which it is now produced in commercial quantities. Next to the Indian plant, the *Isatis tinctoria*, or wood, is the most important for its indigo produce. When the Romans first came to our country they found the native Britons tattooed or skin-stained with blue hieroglyphics. The material used was wood, or rather indigo from wood.

Indigo, as I before remarked, is endowed with many remarkable properties. Indigo, at least blue indigo, does not exist in the juices of plants that yield blue indigo, the latter being only developed by a sort of fermentation. Blue indigo is insoluble in water, and it is clear that no body whilst insoluble can be used for dyeing. The problem, then, the dyer has to solve, is how to make blue indigo soluble in the first place, next insoluble once more, in order that it may not be removable by the rough usage of washing. Two processes essentially different in their nature are available for effecting the solution of indigo, each applicable to practice in its own particular set of cases. Water does not dissolve blue indigo, but oil of vitriol does, and water dissolves the solution in oil of vitriol; so in this process one way is suggested of using an indigo dye. Woollen cloths, indeed, are dyed blue by immersing them in this very solution, to which the denomination of Saxon blue is commonly applied; but most other dyeing and fabric-printing operations involving the use of indigo, involve a different utilisation of this curious material. This blue indigo, robbed of oxygen, becomes changed to white indigo—very soluble in water—and this rapidly changes to blue indigo again on exposure to the air. Out of the application of this principle comes another method of employing indigo for tinctorial art. Deoxydise blue indigo, by contact with some material having a tendency to unite with oxygen, convert it into white soluble indigo, present this latter to the tissue we require to be dyed; let the tissue saturate itself, then expose the tissue to air, and allow absorption of atmospheric oxygen to convert it back to blue again. The reconversion is extremely rapid—even too rapid for the cotton printer's convenience in some cases. The following is a case in point, and it will show to what ingenuities of chemistry and mechanism cotton printers must have recourse in the successful use of certain tinctorial bodies. To represent white figures on a blue field of indigo dye is easy enough, the piece having only to be dyed one even blue throughout, then the white parts bleached out by the process of chlorine discharge. To represent blue indigo figures on a white ground is a problem of greater complexity, seeing that the blue figures cannot be impressed by dipping, an operation which gives time for the fluid to enter amongst the fibres, but must be impressed by stamping, which necessitating much air contact, the white indigo becomes oxydised blue, and insoluble before the device can have firmly attached itself. The requisition here—the indication to be fulfilled—is time to be given for the white indigo to soak in as white indigo. If for a few seconds the fabric could be withdrawn from contact with atmospheric air, or if instead of contact with atmospheric air, some non-oxygenous gas could be substituted, the cotton printer would

achieve his desire. The latter device is precisely the one he does have recourse to, or at least *did* have recourse to a few years ago. It is best to speak thus guardedly, since cotton printers are obliged to assume and discard processes they have laboured to achieve, with change of fashion and of female taste. The device was to pass the white indigo-printed fabric through one slit of india-rubber, into a box filled with hydrogen, and through another slit out of the box into the oxygen-giving air. Whilst in the box the white indigo would remain white indigo; when out of the box it would be changed to blue indigo. This was ingenious, but hardly more ingenious than several other processes in the practices of figure texture dyeing called printing. If it seem that the operations of dyeing and printing are mixed together in this sketch, my answer is, they are so mixed together in practice, that to dissociate them is next to impossible.

The discovery of America, at the latter end of the 15th century, contributed greatly to the development of dyeing, by the introduction of several important agents, amongst which may be specially mentioned logwood, quercitron, Brazil wood, cochineal, and annatto. Logwood was violently opposed by English dyers, as indigo had been at an antecedent period. A statute of Elizabeth prohibited the use of logwood under a heavy penalty, which, moreover, enjoined the destruction of all found in the country.

The next great development of dyeing took place at the latter end of the 18th century, and was dependent on the advance of chemical science. At this epoch madder, Prussian blue, chrome yellow, and manganese brown were introduced. The latter, now extensively used in common prints, was discovered by Mr. Hartman, of Munster, about 1822. Of late years chemistry has been especially bountiful in contributing to the resources of dyeing and calico printing. Most remarkable, perhaps, are two derivatives of aniline (a material that can be produced from coal tar), and called mauve and magenta respectively. Chemistry, as may without exaggeration be said, is continually adding to the resources of the dyer and calico printer. If the ancient Greeks and Romans could see the colour gaiety of modern cheap printed cotton dresses, they would be put out of conceit with the only two well-pronounced colours they had—purple of Tyre, much exceeded in beauty by more than one of our common purples, and Kermes scarlet, which, on account of its inferiority, has gone almost wholly out of use since Mexico has contributed the brighter cochineal.

I must here state, that advanced though chemists be, and clever its votaries, yet the problem of using certain cherished colours as dye stuffs has not yet been solved. Philosophers who have devoted their best years to the study of feminine character aver, one and all, that ladies are exacting—unreasonably exacting—at times, even to the desire for achieving impossibilities. Two lovely colouring matters ladies have long set their regards on—French ultramarine, a lovely blue, and mineral green, otherwise called Scheele's green. Chemists have done their very best to use these things as honest dyes; but, foiled in their attempts, and urged by feminine clamour, they use them dishonestly. If a colouring matter cannot be bitten into a tissue it may at least be stuck on, and so French ultramarine in powder, and Scheele's, or mineral green, are stuck on to certain fancy warps and wefts of female attire. The cement used for

sticking them on is Dutch cheese, dissolved in harts-horn. Of course, the painted tissues will not wash—that is a small matter. The worst has to be told: mineral green is an arsenical compound, and arsenic—well, it is a poison. One of these green-clad ladies is a sort of moving upas-tree, with the difference that what the Dutchman wrote about the upas-tree was fiction, whereas what I have to say about green ladies is a fact. They scatter poison around them as they go.

AN AFTERNOON WITH THE SNAKE-CHARMERS.

AMONG the sights bordering on the marvellous which attract the traveller's attention in Egypt, beyond even the mysterious proceedings of the Cairene magician who professes to summon the dead to life, may be mentioned the interesting performances of the snake-charmers. These men belong to the order of Riface Dervishes. They profess to discover the presence of any venomous snakes which may be concealed in the house, a very common occurrence in the warm climate of Egypt, and if there be such snakes to allure them from their hiding-places.

The first measure usually resorted to by the wary spectator is to cause the performers to be thoroughly searched in the courtyard previously to their being introduced into the interior of the house, lest they may have snakes hidden either in the folds of their "caftans," or long flowing robes, or in those of their "libās," or baggy trousers. Sometimes they are forced to deposit their voluminous garments in some corner of the courtyard, and as an additional precaution, they are made to tuck up the loose sleeves of their "kamis," or shirts, after these have been as closely examined as the rest of their clothes.

When all possible precautions have been taken, the snake-charmers are allowed to enter the house. Immediately on admission they assume an air of mystery, strike the walls and floor with a short palm stick, whistle, make a chuckling noise with the tongue, and spit on the ground, exclaiming, "I adjure ye if ye be above or below, that ye come forth;" "I adjure ye by the most great name, if ye be obedient, come forth, and if ye be disobedient, die! die!" However close may have been the previous search in every corner of the apartment, and in every piece of furniture and hanging drapery, in about ten minutes, generally speaking, after these exclamations, a snake is dislodged from one of the projecting cupboards with which most rooms are lined, or drops from the woodwork of the ceiling. The result of any incredulous expression on the part of the spectator, who may imagine the snake to be harmless, is to make the snake-charmer excessively indignant. He generally seizes one of the snakes by the neck, and after displaying his fangs, tears him to pieces with his teeth, spitting out the bits on the ground with an excited, defiant air.

The only solution of this mystery is that as these dervishes make it a practice to tamé snakes, live habitually with them, and are not very cleanly in their habits, their bodies and clothes become deeply impregnated with the pungent oil which collects on the surface of the snake's skin, and thus the latter reptile, being gifted with strong olfactory nerves, is immediately made aware of an odour which appears to indicate the presence of members of his family, and comes forth from his hiding-place to greet them.